

"EYES FOR THE BLIND."

But wholly sad, dear youth, thy hapless lot, Love deales near with gently flattering wings; Sweet music whispers from the cohoing strings, "Blest in her smile be all thy loss forgot." Her soft hand leads through dell and mossy grot; the draws from grief and woe their rankling strings:

atings;
Paints for thy inner sight the soul of things,
And finds joy's semblance where itself is nok.

At her command blue lake and leaping rill
Gleam on the darkened chavas of thy brain;
Brave forests rise along the crested hill;
Fair roses bloom untouched by canker stain;
The summer's subtest essences distill
Neponthe draughts to bull thee from thy pain.
Sarah D. Hobart in New Orleams Times-Democrat.

WANTED, A BURGLAR.

MR. NORRIS SUCCEEDS IN FINDING ONE.

But Unfortunately for Him, the Burglar Was True to His Calling-An Embarraseing Scene-But All's Well That Ends

[Scene, the dining room in Mr. Sutherland's country house. Time, midnight. Enter Mr. John Norria, a guest at the house. He carries a candle in one hand and a basket in the other.] Mr. Norris (placing the basket on the table) of regard to my own self respect I am con-Oh! Kate, Kate! Adorable creature that



you are, you little know (clasps his hands, and in doing so drops the basket. A lot of silver on the floor. Hastily recovering himself) - Confusion! (Listens attentively, all, no harm done. To continue, I am desperately in love with Miss Sutherland, and so, I am sorry to say, is Burrett, also Jarrett, likewise Garrett, guests with me at Mr. Sutberland's. Until now no one of us could claim any decided advantage over the others. But day before yesterday we all go out for a svivar the swans, and while doing so falls into the pond. I, who would die for her anywhere and on the slightest notice, don't see it. But Barrett does and pulls her out. I point out the fact that the pond is only two feet deep at that particular place, but Barrett, never-theless, becomes a hero, and Jarrett, Corrett yesterday we go on a picnic. Miss Sutherland, while walking with Jarrett, is attacked by a snake-box constrictor, according to Jarrett who dispatches it and thereby wins her un-dying gratified. Garrett and myself go out to look for the monster and find a harmless little garter snake. Neither of them will seknowledge it, bowever, and Garrett and I have to apologize. This morning we try a little target shooting. Garrett goes blundering around and gets shot in the leg by Mis Sutherland. I'd have shot him myself with pleasure. Miss Sutherland is tenderly reproachful all day, and I am voted a brute for saying it served him right. I can't stand be a hero arenes that I cannot be one. I therefore propose to make my own opportunity. At great per-sonal discomfort I have succeeded in keeping awake until every one clse is asleep. I have secured the basket of family plate and am now about to materialize a burglar, (Gathers up the silver and ties it up in a tablecloth. There. Now for my pistols. (Cautiously leaves the room. The door of the butlet's pantry opens and Mr. Willie Vilter, profes-

sional burglar, steps into the room.)

Mr. Vilter (artistically hefting the bundle) -Wot williamy this is. Oh! My eyes, Wil-liam, but 'ere's richness! (Shoulders the swag and is about to depart. The door opens and Mr. Vilter has just time to reach the pantry again when Mr. Norris rushes in, fires both pistols, and throwing up the window with a bang that takes all the glass out of it, begins an indiscriminate fusillada The household in various stages of undress

Mr. Sutherland (excitedly) -- What has happenedi I insistupen knowing.

Mr. Norris (sententiously)—Burglars! (Miss Sutherland screams and is simultane supported by Barrett, Jarrett and Garrett.)
Mr. Norris-Fact, I assure you. Heard a

noise down here and resolved to investigate. Caught the fellow doing up the plate and and went for him. He broke away and jumped through the window. Must apologize for shooting in the house. Scared you all awfully, I'm afraid. Shouldn't have done if.
Mr. Sutherland truefully contemplating

the fragments of a Sevres vase)-Well, perhaps not. Mr. Norris (cheerfully)—Anyhow the silver

Miss Sutherland-Yes, but where is it! (Looks around fearfully.)

Barrett | (With great unanimity)-That's Carrett | so. Show it up.

Mr. Norris (slightly rattled)-Oh, thewhy-er-I put it there that is to say, the (Breaks off abruptly and begins to polish bis brow with a handkerchief.)

Humph!



But is cleverly stopped by Norris. Mr. Sutherland (gravely)-The silver cercamy gone. I looked for the pinte the first thing.

Mr. Norris (wildly)—Fil swear it was on the table when I jumped for him.

Miss Sutherland—Perhaps the burglar did take it. I should think, he would, since that

hears)—By the way, Norris, what were you down stairs for haif an hour ago? Mr. Norris (confusedly)-I! Why, what are you talking about? Barrett (persistently)-You were not in your room, anyhow, for I went in for a

is what he came for.

have believed-

Jurrett (with an air of hesitation)-Perhups I ought not to say anything about it, but I saw Mr. Norras coming out of the but-ler's room with a bundle of something under his arm. I don't know-Mr. Sutherland (gravely)-By all means

This must be cleared up.

Mr. Norris (desperately)—Miss Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland, is it possible——
Mr. Sutherland—I shouldn't, Mr. Norris,

Miss Sutherland (warmly)-What perfect nonsense you are talking. Mr. Norris, you must take some brandy; you really must. (She runs to the butler's pantry and throws open the door. Mr. Vilter, with the plate under his nrms, makes adash, but is cleverly stopped by Norris. A terrific struggle ensues, which ends in the burglar escaping through the window, but leaving the silver in the possession of Norris. There are a few nents of universal stupefaction.)

Mr. Sutherland (warmly embracing him)-My noble fellow! What can I say? Mr. Norris (breathing very hard)-Oh, N-nothing-nothing, I assure you. I oftendo this-kind of thing. (Looks unutterable things at Miss Sutherland).

Barrett (aside to Garrett)-Too often Miss Sutherland (with lively warmth)-And to think that he actually came back

again after that terrible struggle. Why in the world should he want to! Mr. Norris-I'm sure I don't know, and he isn't here to tell.

Garrett (gloomily to Jarrett)-Yes; and Norris isn't likely to.

Miss Sutherland (timidly)-Why, he might even take it into his head to try it again.

Mr. Norris (crossing over to her side) Don't you think that in view of the possibility of such an event, that you ought to provide

yourself with an efficient burglar alarm! Miss Sutherland (blushing)—Well, yes. (Mr. Sutherland smiles benignantly, picks up the plate basket and gives the signal for a eral departure.)

Barrets (lingering behind, and setto voce to Garrett and Jarrett)-That burgiar must have wanted tremendously for something. Jarrett (sententiously)-Not half as much

At the Cub the other night a group of estern men were telling anecdotes of from tier life. Here is one which struck me as being particularly good. Those who have been in the "Far West" and have lived among frontier men will appreciate it, I dare say In the course of the Indian war of 1882, it seems, Gen. Sherman paid a visit to Camp Apache, in Arizona. While there a huge redskin, who was captain of the sconts, fol lowed the general wherever he went, and frequently begged as a present one of the small cannons standing on the parade ground. Finally the general impatiently urned to the Indian, excludining:

"What do you want with the cannon, any-ny! Do you want to kill my soldiers "No," replied the Indian in his guttural

voice; "want to kill cowboys with it. Kill soldiers with a ciub."- New York Tribune.



Miss South Church (to Miss Bencon Hill)dear, let me present Mr. Beolopax, president of the Yale Boat club.

The Fresented-Beg pardon-ah, Miss Church, but my name is Snipe, Yiss South Church-I know, sir; but you will person me if I think the Latin prefer-

A Condemned Murderer's Joke. A young lawyer called on Deacons one day with a bevy of young ladies, and, peering between the bars of the cell door, he said: "Ah, Deacons, if I had had your case six ouths ago, you would not be where you are

now-helind the bars of a prison cell. "Yes, Mr. -, I believe that. If I had you for a lawyer I'd been hanged six months Deacons chuckled for a few minutes over

the discomfiture and basty retreat of the legal gentleman and the ill concealed mirth f the ladies, and then went on talking to the reporter.-Rochester Post-Express.

A Peculiar Misfortune First Belle-Miss Smith met with a peculiarly unfortunate accident this morning. Did you hear about it!

Second Belle-Not What was it! First Belle-Why, she was down at the beach bathing, when she inadvertently slipped off a rock and fell into the water. Second helle-Was it deep! Did she take

First Belle-Oh, no; I guess not. She scrambled out easily enough. But the bathing dress is irretrievably spoiled. - Life.

Clerk (to employer)-Mr. Lowberry, I would like to be excused from work this

"What's the matter now?" "A beloved aunt is dead and I would like to attend the funeral." "Let's see you've lost four beloved aunts this year. Have you any more of them?"
"No, sir; but I have five uncles."—Lincoln

Journal. How He Achieved Wealth. "I understand that Col. Blear is very "Yes, he's worth about \$100,000." "How did be make it?"

"He made it out of coal oil." Yes, his wife lit the fire with ke

and he got all her money."-Lincoln Jour-Prompt Acquiescence. Young Wife-Henry, I want to ask a favor

Young Hushand—All right; go ahead.
"Do quit smoking that beastly pipe."
"Certainly. Hand me the other one."-Truth la Metaphor.

Al-Charlie says he is buffeling his way through life. What does he mean? El-He's a free lunch flend. - Time. An Unnecessary Insuit.

Tramp-Malam, will you give me somen-1 kin give you an old vest if you want it Tramp-Madam, do you take me for a Yorkville goat!-Time



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

light, as them lecterers sometimes do— A-taikin' of a bundred things that mighth't in-

boyish gies.

Recitations he recited to a audience of me;

How I laughed outil the lan'lord come an' ast us So I got to thinkin' of him an' that night at Shel-

Then he'd kind o' quit his nonsense an' we'd settle down a spell, Tell Jim 'ud turn upon me an' begin agin-"Dev' Bout the time I went to Franklin fer the Baptist

An' I'd stretch my mouth acrost my face, all ready fer the jokes; But he'd branch off in a story bout the 'Merry Workers" band, That, 'nless you knowed the "Workers," you c'd

hardly understand; I o'd hear myself a swallerin', the room 'ud seem So I go; to thinkin' of him an' that night at Shel-I got to thinkin' of him-like 'twas jest a year

Fer time, that flies so fast in dreams, in alminicks Jarrett (sententiously)—Not half as much is slow; as Norris wanted a burgiar. (Curtain.)— He was workin like a beaver, lecturn here an lecturn' there,
An' a writin' on the railroad curs, in taveras-

> Printin' poems in the papers, speakin' pieces at An' him an' me a travelin', now an' then, around ed to think 'at he was no account at all -but still.
>
> I got to thinkin' of him, an' that night at Shelby-

I got to thinkin' of him-an' the happy "Days gone by,"
Tell the sweet "Old fashioned Roses" seemed to bloom agin—ar | die; An' I hear him talk agin about "My bride that is

When he'd come to "Grigsby station" jest to have a night weth me;
I kin see him settin' down agin, to give the Prince

a rock, When "The frost was on the pumpkin an' the corn was in the shock;"

An' I heur a laughing voice I loved, with music

in its trill-So I got to thinkin' of him, an' that night in

So I set here an' I wonder of I know jest what it When I see 'em print his poetry in all the magaanes;
An' I see him on the platform with the James and

Howells set,
An' hear the people sayin', "He's the best one of
'en' yet;"
An' I keep a winkin' back the tears that make my

fool eyes shine, Fer I couldn't feel no prouder ef he'd ben a boy of mine; Fer he's jest the same old Riley, an' he'll be the

same Jim still.

As he was the night 'at him an' me set up at Shel--Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Afraid of Davlight.

"Do you realize, young man," he said solemnly, "that when you lie down at night you may be called before the morning dawns?" the setting sun lights up the western sky."

"No, sir," replied the young man, "I feel quite safe at night; but when I get up in the morning I realize that I may be called before

"Just exactly so, sir; I'm a baseball um-

Passenger (to stranger)-So you think we are to have a hot summer, sir!

Stranger (pounding the seat)—Think! I don't think anything about it-I know so!

The whole country, sir, will sizzle until snow Stranger-Positive! Why, I am as sure of as I am that I run the finest hotel in the

Dogskill Mountain! Put that card in your pocket; it may save your life!-Life, Education in Missouri. "What are you doing now, Boozby?"

"Teaching school." "Teaching school! Why, you can't spell a word of two syllables." "I know that, but I can lick any two pupils together."-Lincoln Journal.

"What's my bill?" inquired a Chicago delecate of the hotel cierk Number of room?"

"I didn't have a room. I slept on the "Oh, sixty cents an hour, please."-Time.

A Wider Experience. Dumley (who has given Featherly a cigar from his private box)—I've smoked worse Featherly-Ye-es, Dumley, I s'pose you have; but you must remember that you are

an older man than I am -Life.

Just His Luck. Passenger -- What's wrong?

Brakeman -- The train behind us can't slow
up. There'll be an awful collision. Passenger-And I'll be killed. That's just ike my luck. I was foolish enough to buy a

Young Sappy-I was knocked senseloss by polo ball two years ago. Old Sappy—How long before you expect to ecoveri—Exchange.

Employer-You come to your work later and later, young man. Can you explain it? ter. - New Haven News.

Chicago's Regret. Chicago has reason to regret that the world so small. Carter Harrison is more than salf way around it already. - Chicago News.

To get rid of a bore: Mamma-Nurse, if Mr. Bore is still here in a quarter of an hour A Rint for Business Men. Honor and skame from no condition rise; Act well your part, which means to neivertise. —Terms Softmars.

MORE KICKS.

Specimens Illustrating "The Arizona Kicker's" Vigorous Policy. We extract the following from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker:

"OUR POLICY. -Heretofore, as our readers know, The Kicker has almost entirely ab-stained from publicly criticising the evils which all know to exist under our noses. We have become tired and disgusted with our-seives for this lack of spunk, and next week we shall open a red hot campaign on

"The mayor,
"The common council, "The fire department, "All secret societies,

"The saloons,

"The gambling dens, "And on various other organizations and stitutions reeking with corruption. "It will be a spicy issue. It will make ore than a ton of human hair stand on end. It will make a thousand hearts thump like pile drivers. Chicanery, deceit, hypocrist, theft, robbery, areon and murder will be properly tagged off and the tags pinned to the right coat tails.

"Order your extra copies at an early date. Advertisers should send in their copy by Saturday. Don't neglect this golden opportunity. Another may never come."

"STOPPED HIS PAPER. -Old Steve Bridgeman, who has several times been alluded to in these columns as the meanest white man in Arizona, has stopped his paper because we did not have a column editorial on the Fourth of July. He says we are no patriot, and that a man who can't whoop 'er up for Independence Day is a cussed robel.

and if he doesn't quit lying about us we'll scratch his carcass off the face of the earth. "As to the Fourth of July, we were born on that day. As to patriotism, we've got more in our heels than old Steve could hold in his whole body. The man who intimates that we don't take our hat off every time we hear the came of George Washington is a liar and a horse thief. Our editorial on the Fourth was a solid chunk of patriotism weighing twenty-five pounds, but was crowded out to make room for advertisements. We know our gait and we think we know the great need of most of our townspeople. As to old Steve Bridgeman, we are expecting two or three of his six or seven wives to drop in on us any day and furnish us some powerful good rending matter. us some powerful good reading matter.
Don't be uneasy, Stephen—we'll get to you in a few days."

"WARNING.—We are no fighter. We have neither the sand nor the muscle to make one. We always knuckle unless there's a chance We admit to a dozen lickings in the last three months, and in every case we were the only one who suffered.

who plastered our office door with mud the night that the worm will turn. are the worm. When we turn he had better look out. We can be kicked, cuffed, insulted and abused up to a certain limit. How far off the limit is we don't know, but when we reach it we shall be a bad, bad man to fool with."—Detroit Free Press.

How to Write a Dialect Story. Take a number of sheets of new white paper

d write a story on them. Any story will do Get your double barroled shot gun and load Pin your story up against the side of a harn, stand off about twenty feet, aim carefully

and let both barrels drive.

If you find that there haven't been sufficient vowels knocked out, repeat the oper-

ation.-Judge.



summer in Canada! "Weil, my husband is there and" "Goodness! The idea of his going there!" "Well, he preferred Canada to Sing Sing."

One More Disappointment. Employer-Villiam, you have now worked

"And I have always found you industrious, painstaking and honest." "Now, I desire to show that I appreciate

your fidelity." Thank you, sir " "For the next two months you will work on the books until 11 o'clock every night. I do not fear to leave you in the office alone at all. I have a great deal of confidence in

Fweddie's wardrobe suffered severely in the fire at the Southern hotel. His friend Cholly, meeting him on the street, observed you done with youah good clothes! You

"Good gwacious, Fweddie! Whatevah have "Deah boy, my clothes are "coaked."
"Deah me! Didn't know you were in such straights, my boy. What did you get on

"Watah! Ha-ha!"-Chicago Tribune. Why He Didn't Want It. "Darringer, have you a half dollar that vou don't want?"

Why, certainly. Here it is." Say, Darringer, that half dollar you gave me was a counterfeit."
"Yes, Bromley. You asked me if I had a half dollar that I didn't want."—Life.

A New York physician says that more sud-en deaths take place on the fourth floor of buildings in that city in one year than in all other parts of the bouses combined. In view of this alarming fact, architects should make it a point to omit the fourth floor when designing a six or eight story building.-Nor-ON LIFE'S THRESHOLD.

Incidents Illustrating the Unjust Punish

Well does the writer remember the case of parent who whipped his little daughter, attempting to overcome in this way her at night. The poor little maid subbed her-self to sleep that night. But the next evening, five minutes after the had been left alone with the, to ber, four-

unishment, and a periful little voice was "Oh papa, please come up here and whip me! I'm so 'fraid of the dark!" terror was more than a whim, and he deeply regretted his hasty punishment, which was never repeated. The following incident, re-

a thousand times that I could, how I punished little Marnie for continually pronouncing a word wrong as I thought willfully after I had tried hard to make her say it

ing a word wrong—as I taken after I had tried hard to make her say it after I had tried hard to make her say it after I had tried hard to make her say it after I punished her, and then she looked up with a quivering it pand said:

"You must hang on to your hat or you will lose it. Do you see the lady with the pink strings to her bonner?"

"You I see her. She is very pale and wrong. Is she afraid that the car will run

Fuith and Works She was 8 years old and lived in the country; she had started one day rather late to school with another little girl about her own age. On their way they caught a glimpse of a clock dial through an open door; it lackes five minutes of 9.
"Oh, dear!" exchanged the plous little girl,
"It's five minutes to 9, and we'll be late to

"I'm afraid we will " "Jennie," said the pious little girl, impressively, "I'll tell you what we must do; we'll kneel right down here and pray that we

won's be intel" "H'm!" said the other, "I guess we'd better skin right along and pray as we go?"
They "skun" and got there. - Boston Tran-

He Didn't Pass.

The ingenuity of some school children in getting over the knotty questions propounded to them in the recent examinations was cerminly surprising, according to the stories some of the school teachers tell. One boy in the Summer avenue school, in the Eighth ward, scratched his head for a long time before attempting to "compare the animals of North America with those of Europe." At last, in his desire to say something, he wrote: "The animals of North America are not

as large as those of Europe, but they get there just the same." It goes without saying that that boy didn't pass.-Newark Journal.

A Successful Season. First Theatrical Manager-You had a bad

Second Manager-Oh, yes, frightful. Did not play to a paying bonse during the trip.

Made money out of it, though.

First Mnnager—How in the world could you do that?

Second Manager-Oh, I always put up the company at hotels with fire escapes. - Boston

Thompkins-Hello, old boy! I hear you

have married a literary woman. Mend your own stockings and all that sort of thing, I Smithkins-Ye-es. But that isn't She sometimes misiavs her poems in the brend, and they are apt to ake it a triffe heavy, don't you know.



-Harper's Weekly.

Not Strong Enough. "Did you write those verses in today's Pelter of Poeta Nascitur Non Fit. "Yes. What did you think of them?"
"I didn't read them very closely, but I thought you missed it in the title."

"You should have called them 'In a Night-

mare!" "-Detroit Free Press.

Or the Fat Woman Who Moves Up. "Things That Never Die," is the title of a agazine poem. We have however, for any mention of the man who sticks to the end sents of an open horse car.-

Citizen (to stranger)—You seem to be in rouble, friend; I notice tears in your eyes. Stranger-It's nothing serious, sir. I have a case to plead in court to-morrow, and I'm practicing on my speech before the jury.—

A Palpable Evidence. A Spanish astronomer has ascertained that

there are rain and snow on the moon the same as on the earth. That dark spot over the left ear of the man in the moon, then, must be an umbreifa. - Burlington Free Her Choice. A Miss Leg, of Montana, has just married

man named Hand. She thought she would rather be a right Hand than a left Log .-Mutual Recognition. Smith-Why, excuse me, sir, but that is the umbrella I lost.

Brown—Excuse me. This is the umbrella

found .- Detroit Free Press Catch Them on the Fly. She-Oh, Arthur, what do the poor cow-boys in Texas do when they want a girl to

He-Give it up. Use their lassos, probably.-New Haven News.

A new song is called "My Mother's Hand."
We suspect it is a sequel to "Manma's Stipper;" and when introduced among the children "there's music in the beir."—Norristown Herald.



Cordier-How do, chummie, old boy! Blandley-For mercy's sake! mattah with your hand? Cordley-Did it carrying this b born umbwells handle.-Judge.

talled him. Never was near water all his life, yet he was always tellin' about the fish toware you feelin'? 'Piner 'n a fiddle,' me Bill. That settles it. see the old man, and be started off for the undertaker. His con-furdence was not misplaced. When he come

back with the undertaker Bill was a curren."

The New First Reader "Let us go upon the street car and take a long ride. Do you see with what swiftness

"Not exactly. She is worried about the

"Is he not a good man?" "He is a noble fellow, with a wife and ten children to support, but she is afraid of his eyesight. Do you see that coin in her

"Yes. It is a silver quarter."
"No, my son; it is a lead quarter—one she has been trying to get rid of for a month. Now he comes along and she hands it out and smiles and sweetly exclaims: Tickets,

"And the conductor!" "He smiles sweetly but sadly."

to passengers."-Detroit Free Press.

"And returns it with the remark that she ught to have worked it off on circus day." "And is she sorrowful?"
"Oh, no. She is as mad as a wet hen, and she takes the number of the car and will try to have the conductor bounced for incivility



Dr. S.-You don't mean to tell me that old Sawbones charged you \$15 for cutting off your arm!

Dr. 8.-Now, why didn't you send for mel I would have cut both arms off for less money than that .- Life.

No Help for Such. Scene in the office of M. Pasteur: Sufferer-Doctor, I have come to consult you as a last resort. Can you do anything to relieve me from the consequences of these Doctor-Those are a little the worst dog bites Fover saw. Sufferer—Doctor, those are not dog bites,

they are Jersey musquito bites.

Doctor-My dear sir, I can do nothing for you. Next!-Judge. A Deep Insult. "Aw, Cholly, I haven't seen you out lately with Miss Flossic. Anything the mattah,

old boy?" 'Yas, Alfwed. She insulted me the othals day, and I've dwopped her."
"Insulted you, Cholly! How?"
"Showed me a little pug dog that she had twained to sit upwight and suck the head of

a cane, bah Jove?"-Chicago Tribune. "Don't you know who I am?" asked Gus De Smith of an Austin gentleman, who had just returned from Mexico after a long ab-scence. "Certainly I do. You are De Smith, Gus De Smith. So help me beaven! if I hadn't known your Christian name, never would have recognized you, you have changed so much."—Texas Siftings.

Her Wish Gratified. Fair Daughter—Oh, I would give anything o see a real, live count. Fond Father-Have you never seen one!

"An Italian organ grinder is getting ready to play."-Lincoln Journal.

"Charlie gave me the cold shake less night," confessed an Oakland girl to her "Why, I thought he was so fond of you," replied the lady.

"Oh, he is. It was a milk shake,"—Pitte-

Evidence of Fondness.

burg Chrouicle. Attacking an Old Fad. And now an "eminent physician" finds it high time for him to write to his favorite newspaper to say that it built at all difficult to eat a quall a day for thirty days, or even for a greator number. He cites his own ex-perience as an army surgoon in the west, where he ate prairie chicken daily for many the and was gind to get it. Then he goes on to urge that sailors ent a pound of sait pork a day for a thousand days in succession. and expresses his firm belief that quall is more palatable than salt pork. He thinks that game of any kind may be eaten stendily as a daily diet just as well as buef or pork.

New York Mail and Express. The Age of a Watch. It has been estimated that the average life of a watch is five years, and that during that time 5,000,000 watches are made and sold. In former years, before the labor saving machinery, now so extensively used, was invented, the annual output for each man employed was fifty watches; now with the help of machinery each man employed at the business is enabled to turn out 150 watches

Tramp-I may as well be frank about the matter. Will you please give me fifteen cents to buy a drink of whisky! Old Gentleman Can't you buy a drink of whisky for less than fifteen center. "Yes, I can buy it for ten, and in some laces as low as five; but, Great Scotti what

She-Do you like Browning! He-Very much.
"I do not believe I shall ever th Do you think you ever will?
"Well, I don't know. I used to think I'd
never tire of the Officen pussie, but I did.—

Paristan physicians are interested in a new spectroscope, the invention of Dr. Hencoque, for investigating the changes of the blood in patients. It is being applied to the study of the phenomena of subrition, and is expected to prove an important instrument.—Arken-saw Traveier.

Rallways are said to consume more than baif of the world's production of iron, the 10,000,000 car whole required in the United States alone taking more than 2,000,000 tons. Dr. Muhlenberg, who wrote "I Would Not

There are 4,000 women in government em-

RUSSIAN FANATICISM.

HORRIBLE THINGS DONE BY CER-TAIN PEASANT RELIGIONISTS.

A Fanatie Who Presched the End of the World and Advocated Suicide by Starva-

tion-A Mid Bund-The Jumpers a Less Harmful Sect. Not all the fanaticism of Russia goes into political and ulhilistic agitation, if the state-ments unde in a recome article in an English review by M. N. Tmani have a reasonable

review by M. N. Tankni have a reasonable foundation in truth.

In the province of Ferm, beyond the Kama twenty years ago, he may, there was in the deptile of the forests an educated passent, knotizine, passionately addicted to reading, and spending most of his time over retigious books, which he expounded in his own fashion. He most own convinced hisself that the end of the world was at hand, and persuaded himself and a band of followers that the only way to save their souls was to leave the himself and a band of followers that the only way to save their souls was to leave the world to hide in the forest, and to make an end of the life of ignominy and sn in which they were involved. His first disciples were his mother, brother, sister-in-law and uncle. "Anti-Christ is already come," he declared, "and goes to and fro in the earth. The end of the world is at hand; let us fly to the forests, bury ourselves alive, and die of forests, bury ourselves alive, and die of hunger," and the half insane converts fellowed his example, a large congregation going with him into the woods, where the men set out to dig setual catacombs and the women made grave clothes. Three days were thus consumed, and then all the disciples, dressed in these clothes, three several times renounced satan and all his works. This ceremony over, Khodkine said:

"Now that you have renounced satan, you must die of hunger. If you take no nourishment and drink no water for twelve days, you will enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Blindly they set themselves to follow his command. Days of intolerable agony followed and at least the hartward women and children began to cry aloud for water. Touched by the pitiful wailing of the chil-dren, some of the fanatics knelt to their chief and besought him for mercy for the little ones; but he was immovable and refused the petition, while the children writhed in agony sucking grass, chewing fern fronds, and swallowing sand. Two of the band, able to endure no longer, alipped away in the night, and Khodkine, fearful that aid might be summoned, determined to basten matters. "The hour is come. Are you ready?" he

"We are ready," they exclaimed.

Then, at his command, they began a mas-acre. The children were first killed and the bodies of the victims buried. Then the survivers decided to resume the fast, but the two fugitives having warned the police, about this time a body of officers was seen approaching. The madness of the fanatics reached its height, and, swearing to shed their blood for Christ, they began an indiscriminate self-slaughter. The women, and then the weakest of the men, were killed with hatchets, until finally Khodkine and three others were the sole survivent. They attempted to escape into the forest, but were captured and turned

over to justice.

A few years ago, M. Tsakni says, the monk Falare enjoyed great popularity on the banks of the Volga, and taught that the sole mode of salvation for man was voluntary death. "It is impossible," he said, "to continue to live in this world immersed in sin and falsebood. We must seek safety in death; we must die for Christ." Large numbers of disciples attached themselves to this prophet of death, and one night eighty-four persons met in a cavern prepared beforehand near a river. Straw and fag ots were at hand, that they might basten death if the police should interfere. They began to fast and pray, but one woman became exceptical as to the efficacy of death as a means to salvation, and in the darkness slipped away to a neighboring vil-lage, where she gave the alarm to the author-ities. The inhabitants turned out on masse and went toward the river. Their coming was seen by a sentinel of the fanatics, who

"Anti-Christ is coming. Fly! Let us not give ourselves up living into the bands of

our enemies. The mad band set fire to the straw, and the peasant villagers endeavored to extinguish the flames. A terrible struggle followed. The police and the villagers tried to san the victims from the fire; but they defended themselves, wrestling with their would be saviors, throwing them uside and killing themselves with hatchets, shouting all the

were saved in spite of themselves, however, After these had been tried and convicted, one of the condemned, Toushkoff, escaped from prison, and himself began to propagate the religion of suicide. More than sixty persons in that same locality decided to give families-fathers, mothers and children-were included in the number. On a day fixed beforehand they met for mutual mas acre in the house of one of their number. Peasant P. entered the house of his neighbo children, went to the barn where the othe fanatics were waiting for him with their wives, and these calmay put their heads or a block, while P played the part of exem-tioner. Then he went to the barn of another peasant woman, killed her and her kinswomen, while an accomplice killed the himself being subsequently killed by another of the band, so that in all thirty-five persons met their death in this way before a peasant

woman, chancing to pass in the neighborhood, was terrified by the spectacle and ran to give the starts.

A less burnful set existing in the Caucaus and neighboring countries are onlied Prigoony, or the "Julispers." They have carried religious scotlary to the highest point. Their principal aportic calls himself God, and teaches chiefly that, since the end of the world is at hand, all must prepare for it by repentance and purification from past sin by repentance and purification from past sin by renforment to the elect of God. The enthushment of the disciplic is such that they leave their work and devote all their time to priyer and to listening to sermons. The principal dogma of the sect is talked in the descent of the Roly Spirit upon believers. This takes place only byon the elect during religious meetings, and continually only upon two or three persons is each meeting. Habitually it obture only at the end of the meeting, when all have been unitably prepared by prayer. The signs of the presence are usually a paller of the face, quickened breath, then a swaying of the whole body, a rhyth rife tapping with the feet, violent contorthers and jumping, and in the end a heavy fall upon the ground. Bome of the benches, begin to jump. Charactal from the benches out for an hour or more. Others march around the table with theatered stride, shaken by hyderical cole, and, while twiring in their place, throwing themselves each other and then refire to opposite sides of the greatest selemanty. At the end of the meeting the teachers and apostics embrace can other and three times heart themselves of the greatest selemanty. At the end of the meeting the teachers and apostics embrace can other and three times heart the themselves on the time times to be seen to the firm and appear to the meeting on the present themselves can the time time to the themselves as the promote them

There seems to be no doubt shat the "frig-ate bird," on inhabitant of the tropical sear, is the swiftest bird that first. It has been impossible to calculate he rate of flights within fixed limits. The personal mesons are immunity developed and weigh nearly one-fourth as much as the whole body of the bird. Another rapid five is the common 'black swift." It has been computed that the great speed is attains is about 176 miles an bour, which if majorataned for about air hours, would carry the bird from its summer retrest in England to Central Africa. Our American "can'res back dack" is common!